THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIMEON DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1631.

Original Poetry.

THE RACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come, come, and the maiden, I'll ride you a race,
As she stood back the curls hanging over her face,
Drawing into her saddle, and pressing it well,
Then turned her bright eyes on her lover unheard.

Come fellow, come fellow, you run for my head,
If you're first at the goal, it is yours at command—
So the youth consented up to the bank of the road,
And away they are riding with wonderful speed.

Oh, the prairie is wide, and the prairie is green,
The grass has fallen down with nothing between;
The youth spurs his steed, "I am gaining, for sure!"
For the maiden rides haughtily, gracefully on.

Now the long grass grows longer, and darker in hue,
They no nearer up the edge of a treacherous slough;
The lady rides onward, the youth follows on,
Shouting, "Ho, for the grave, I shall win you so soon."

The maiden heeds lowly, then checking the rein,
And patting her pony, she's flying again;
Away, away flies, long clover, if you can,
And let me be rid of this troublesome man.

One bound, and they're over—the reaches the grave,
Where nothing's sung from the branches above,
She turned and rode back with the spray in her mouth,
Saying, "I have found land! where are you, city youth?"

Oh, he had found water, and mud, in the slough,
And he rose from its bed, with his face black and blue,
Black with mud, blue with anger—and loudly he swore,
He would ride after wild prairie lassies no more.

AUNT ALICE.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF
EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIVIA AND MADELAINE," "SILENCE AND CRIME," &c.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLOSED.

The serpent now began to change:
Her slim blood in madness ran. *Keats.*

Two months have passed since the death of the sisters. To the consternation of the Asylum of the Deserted Wife, Mrs. Conover, during which Georgia passed the most, and looked in his face with an expression of unutterable sympathy—then he resumed, calmly, as if he had not heard the question, and during her fit of hysterics, which she could have asserted to him, and he would doubtless have left it to you. I only give you that which, but for me, you would have gained you scarcely know how, but that her subject not forever."

"Thank you, sir," said the old man, gratefully as he took the hand and most generously of Dudley. I drive you from your home by staying here? I cannot stay! I must depart!"

"I am most sorry, Mrs. Clifton—this is your proper home, as it is also mine. Yet do not drive me away, unless you must. Could I possibly remain, your company would be the greatest comfort I could have. Nay! it is not sorry that driven me home, my dear friend I—must forget myself in distant lands! Forgive me for talking thus—to be quite plain, as soon as the intricate affairs of this estate are fully arranged, you must leave it, and I will not be two or three years at least; yet I shall not be able to get off for several weeks."

Here the conversation ended for the present. Thinking that for the first few days, at least, Mr. Georgia would need a female companion, he got in his chaise, and went over to Heathbridge.

"Kate is not here," said Mrs. Clifton, in answer to his inquiries—"do you not know that she has been for three weeks at her brother's cabin, nursing his with through her confinement?"

Major Clifton threw his hat upon the table, and dropped himself into a chair, with an air of extreme vexation, and—

"It really seems to me that that girl is strange and perverse in general to the neighborhood! Her brother might safely have found some old woman to nurse his wife. I wonder you permitted it to be made such a fuss of by everybody, mother."

"If there be no harm, Archer,"

"Twelve months since you introduced Catherine into the best society in Richmond."

"Yes, I remember—and she is by a great deal."

"And now you rather her to throw herself in to the most vulgar and common! Dear madam, is this right?"

"What can God look aboard, sail not then consents, or unclean?—you? It is right! Catherine, a girl of the very humblest birth, with natural talent and acquired accomplishments that fit her for any circle—should mix with all. And, Archer, that by you mean by 'vulgar?' If ignoble minds, corrupt hearts, and none accomplishments constitute vulgarity—then I for one believe that most vulgar people in so-called high-life than I ever met in low-life!"

"My dear mother, you are a Republican—let us waive this discussion, for I dislike to differ from you, and will only add, before I shall find Catherine, for she positively must return with me to Wilton Lodge. Good evening, mother—I will send some other companion can be procured for her."

"If Catherine is at her brother's cable, as I told you."

"The same cable he occupied before I left home?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will have ordered the gig, and turned the horse's head towards the dell in which the cabin is situated, and will be at the door before the door, Carl! Come out to welcome him, and invite him to alight.

"Mr. Conover, send Catherine hither," he said.

Carl looked very much as though he did not intend to obey this haughty behest—but Catherine had already heard the summons, and appeared at the door.

"How-do-you-do, Kate. Mrs. Georgia Clifton and myself are going to ride, and have come with me to attend upon her. Come, get your bonnet, at once, Catherine, for I am rather late—"

"Archer!"

"We cannot spare Catherine, sir," said Carl, in a tone of displeasure.

"I did not address myself to you, my good fellow," said Major Clifton, looking over his head, and through the door of the cabin, reading Catherine, as she tied on her bonnet.

"Mr. Clifton," he said, "is that man your full brother?"

"Yes, sir."

"The same father and mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! You are not at all alike in features. Are you very much attached to this brother, Catherine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph." He did not speak again until they had reached White Cliffs, when he handed her out, and said—"Catherine, you look very greatly fatigued: I wish you to attend to her comfort, mother—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Kate.

The next day Mrs. Clifton, of Hazelbrugh, arrived to visit her son and daughter. And afterwards, at the earnest solicitation of her son, she paid them a visit of a week. Major Clifton spent his time—if with the settlement of the estate. Although thoughtful debts of the late Mr. Clifton were to be paid, considerable of them, he determined to pay them all. A great many of them he discharged, and some, by mutual, he remained the only son of the late Mr. Clifton, and the sole heir to the large property of her deceased husband, very rapid and great. He knew that his son should not be permitted to be a poor man, and left all his personal property to her, but it not been understood by both. He said that he *himself* deprived the circumstance, and if it were legally in his power, he would divide the land with his son, but he could find it in no way, and so retire as it came to him it must be held for a heir. He added, that he considered it his duty to compensate his uncle's widow for the injustice of the law to her, and that the case being so, she should be reputed to have become related to her account in the Bank of Richmond. Mrs. Georgia was grateful to her son for this generosity on the part of Major Clifton. She put her bank-book to her eyes, and wept most heartily, with strong sobs and deep agony, exclaiming,

"No, no—this is too much! too good! only lend me the shelter of this roof—note my home and I look about me and consider what to do."

He took her hand, with many demonstrations of the tenderest affection and respect, and pressed it to his lips, and begged her to consider herself as his daughter, without the embarrassment of so long as she wished—for her whole life, if she pleased—and himself only as her sometime guest—adding, that it was impossible for him ever keep another lady there. She withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes, and glancing at him with a countenance eloquent with gratitude, respect, and affection, exclaimed,

"I have no words to express my personal property, and I trust you from your heart! Oh! no, no, no, that debt which can never be paid! No! not one dollar of that money will I touch, so help me heaven! And not one hour will I stay under this roof, if the matter of my home it to be only my 'sometime guest!' No! I—I must go back to the city, and give her room in dressing and painting, as befits the sister's daughter."

"And no doubt she will be very much obliged, lady!" said Archer Clifton, again taking her hand. "I have considered myself in some sort your guardian and protector—if you will admit the claim. Now, listen to me calmly, and not unreasonably, for if Miss Cliffe can not understand to be supposed by the ladies of full family. Hear me then: This money, which I have placed in your account, is rightfully yours. I will explain. It was the fortune of my dearest Catherine!—have him shot dead, by pointed a musket, during which Georgia pressed his head, and looked in his face with an expression of unutterable sympathy—then he resumed, calmly, as if he had not heard the question, and during her fit of hysterics, which she could have asserted to him, and he would doubtless have left it to you. I only give you that which, but for me, you would have gained you scarcely know how, but that her subject not forever."

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keeping a strong, iron-like grasp upon it, dragged her almost with violence into the parlor before the window, and, gazing upon her for a short, pallid Catherine up before her, and fixed those cold, dilated, star-like eyes upon her face. It fell blushing under the gaze.

"You love that man," she said, drawing herself loosely, fit out in a passing gasp.

The blush deepened upon Catherine's cheek, but she did not reply in words.

"Speak! Answer me! You love that man!" she repeated, clutching the wrist of the girl unlightly as in cases her to whine.

"Madam, I am grateful to Major Clifton—he is my benefactor—he cares for me, and I am grateful to him."

"He is an arrogant man—he reminded you of your low birth."

"I know he did, madam, and perhaps I ought to have chastised our common kindness and told him, as I tell you now, that there is no such thing in God's universe as low birth, that every child comes into His world with equal claim upon His people; perhaps it was my duty to have told him this, only I am always reserved under Major Clifton, and never can my thought during at the right time to *him*, as I can to others."

"You love him! Down, I, if you dare! But you are an idiot! an idiot! if you do not take no heed to conquer that passion! He said it was not likely that any gentleman would ever become a suitor for your hand! As it is gentlemen—farmers in one sense deep in poor—do not answer me! Do you, gentlemen, deserve yourself with the load that he ever will?"

"Lady—no, I do not deceive myself with the idea that he will ever 'stoop' to marry me. He—whom that Major Clifton must marry, if he ever marries, will be quite worthy of him, and who will possess the ideas of his family! I—"

"And that woman will not be poor, presumptuous girl! Do you dare to hope it will? Speak! Answer me!"

"Lady!" said Catherine, in a tone of grave and dignified rebuke, "considering the recent bereavement of Major Clifton, the distressed circumstances in which you have drawn me to indelicate, to say no harder term !"

"Recent! It is of five months standing! You evade my question! You evade *all* my questions! I asked you if you loved him! Answer me!"

"Lady! long ago my heart became too unsure for my own management—I gave it, with all its faults and affections to God. I have nothing else of *mine* to give."

"And do you expect Archer Clifton will ever marry you? Answer that!"

"Madam, I expect nothing."

"Do you hope it, then?"

"Lady! I hope nothing."

"You pervaricate, girl! Do you read it then?"

"Madam, I only wish that God may appoint all times, seasons and events in my life—making me entirely dependent upon Him—constantly in prayer—if I cannot, and strong, courageous and patient in adversity, if it be His will, that cruel trials and hard times force a day, at needs, if so offense! But she had *requested* Major Clifton to remain with Mrs. Georgia, and not with her own company, and she must keep her promise. If Major Clifton chose to leave the house, he could do so, and must keep her promise. If Major Clifton chose to leave the house, he could do so, and must keep her promise. If Major Clifton chose to leave the house, he could do so, and

Miscellaneous.

AN INTERESTING SPEECH.

BY THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

[The following is Mr. Everett's speech, delivered at the dinner given to the Prince de Joinville, Duke de Nemours, &c., at the grand English house of Baring, Brothers & Co. We copy it, perhaps, published at the request of the Prince, or such like:]

I could not intrude you, sir, that there are the most grateful associations between this country and the house and family of Baring, not merely as of a private and commercial character, but of a public nature. I have, within a few days, read in the government of some of those whom I, in my younger days, was in the habit of looking for advice, encouragement and friendship, sentiments in the memory of the lamented, but her old, beloved Lord Ashburton, which I have been in the habit of hearing, and which I will not here repeat in the presence of their family, but will here revert to that topic.

All personal feelings apart, I think I can do as well, Mr. President, to pay this tribute of respect to the virtues of practical life, not perhaps duly estimated on the subject of public honors, even in this community. You do well to honor us, as a proper occasion, the memory of the eminent statesmen, military and naval commanders you have here to appreciate. Yet do not these the triumphs of the forum or the Camp, however brilliant, to constitute your admiration. You are sensible that there is, as was long ago said, an honor, and an honor, of the counting-house and the exchange, always as respectable, and when called into action on a large scale, not less important than those of the cabinet and the field. What you do honor to our merchant princes and the honor to which he belongs, it is not to the vast undertakings in which it embarks, and the millions it swings, but to the liberality and good faith which pervades in all transactions.

I am simple, sir, that there are, in all countries, and especially our own, some popular prejudices against great accumulations of property. We have, occasionally, of the supposed accumulation of labor and capital. The dangerous power of what has been called "the money power." There is sometimes spoken of in our political circles. It would be of these that I should have the field of Waterloo and some nearer home. I do so, sir, in no such sense. It is not by any means the capital sympathy with you in the feelings which have been expressed in regard to this evening. Our kindly associations with the continent, the extent of which our guest is a member are not of yesterday. When the late Lord Ashburton visited us, with the despatch of the Duke of Wellington, between the two nations, he found the first organization of our government, with scarce an interruption, to have been the bankers. If for a moment I may refer to the history of the late and present age of the neighborhood of Brussels on the 18th, did not the bankers of the government in London fill long in the night of the 21st of June; there rental days of expectation and suspense.

[Here the speaker "proposed" a toast, referring to the Duke of Wellington, which we omit.]

In these days of submarine telegraphs, we can scarce believe that the collection of the battle of Waterloo, which was long in the neighborhood of Brussels on the 18th, did not reach the government in London till late in the night of the 21st of June; there rental days of expectation and suspense.

It would be out of place, sir, [which interrupted by Holy Writ, "is far above rubies," a lady of the party, to enter, on this occasion, into the field of subsidiary say, that she united to all a woman's graces that intelligence and culture which are of power to benefit society by the necessity of seeking concealment. There are rich Jews at Bagdad, and rich Armenians at Damascus: but their wealth is invested in precious stones, and buried in cellars and caverns; while from time to time it is extorted from its rightful possessors under the tortures of the bastinado, inflicted by greedy provincial satraps, in order to furnish them the means of buying the favors of the ministers Tigers and Sultans at the seat of government.

How different the case in a free country! Turn capital walks boldly abroad; seeks its vocation; gives life to commerce, manufactures and the arts; fructifies the land; lends out its sister credit, scattering plenty by the way; raises the overlooking hills with her magic wand, and bids her adventurous portals fly open at the loudest train, puts no iron each into the roaring jaws of Niagara, and throws a bridge across his roaring whirlpools; unites the Atlantic with the Pacific, and Europe with Asia, or, by her railroads and ocean steamers, and brings the remotest borders of the country into living contact by her electric telegraphs.

But do they keep here? No, sir, in a free and prosperous country like this or our respected guest and our own, it is characteristic of capital that if it gathers largely in, it disposes liberally abroad. Who is it that holds out the best measure of Christian charity and enlightened public spirit? Our guest can answer for all but himself in his own country: I may ask you, sir, (Mr. Appleton) with respect to this community. On neither I will look me, sir, but when and sooner, who is it that builds the hospital, erects the asylum, the house of refuge, the college, the Athenæum, gives sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, and shelter to the houseless, and performs the thousand other beloved offices of [s]ubs handed and water-heart ed Christian love? Even if this were others: from the very nature of things, there can be no antagonism between capital and the other interests of society, for it seeks of necessity from investments which promote the public accumulation and benefit. In a country like this, capital and America the armor of capital reaps the smallest portion of the advantages which flow from its possession: he is not a kind of land hook-keeper or chief clerk to the business community. He may be or not such an Crœsus, but he can neither eat, drink nor wear more than other men's purses. He cannot, in a free country, however, the ships and railroads which he builds or lays are for the accommodation of others—of the public. I remember hearing a low [s]cal[illegible] Mr. Astor's property, which contained, I thought, a great deal of common sense and practical philosophy. Some one was asking whether he would be willing to take care of Mr. Astor's property—eight or ten millions of dollars (and that was think a great property) with you, or on the other side of the water. It would be a mere "flea bite"), merely for his board and clothes. "No," was the indignant answer "do you think me a fool?" "Why, then," said some the other, "that is all that Mr. Astor himself gets for taking care of it: he's fond of that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of all this might property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but he can no more enjoy this income but build more houses and warehouses and ships, or loan more money on mortgage for the convenience of others. He's fooled, and you can make nothing else out of it."

In the country of our guest, and in Europe generally, capital is more frequently called upon than it is with us to exert an influence upon public affairs. It owes there to the importance of a fourth estate of the realm, and to deep-toned governments in often the only efficient check on power. In looking lately at some extracts from the memoirs of Count Molleen, Minister of France under Napoleon, I was surprised to see how much deference the imperial monarch was obliged to pay to the chief of his treasury. He he done it more, he might have worn his crown to the grave. The late monarch of France did not even put a drag chain on the wheels of commerce while they were rolling over prostrate Europe.

The necessary connection of capital with politics in Europe is curiously illustrated by an occurrence related to me from a very high source, and showing with what vigilance the great monarchs of the times are watched by the leading bankers. I heard it a few years ago from the Duke of Wellington, and as there is nothing confidential in it, I will give the liberty of repeating it to the company, though, as a general rule, there is nothing I more carefully avoid than repeating in public what has fallen in private from the lips of distinguished men. During my last residence in England I happened to remark to the Duke of Wellington, that I was in London on the month of June, 1815, when the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived, and I mentioned some circumstances that fell under my observation relative to its effect on the public mind. The Duke said,—"You will perhaps be surprised to hear that the intelligence of that arrived did not first reach London through the official despatch, but through a private channel." Considering the importance of the event,—not inferior in anything since the battle of Pharsalia—and that no time would naturally be lost in despatching the intelligence from head quarters, I was certainly surprised to hear this. The truth was as follows: In consequence of the momentarily critical state of affairs—all the armies of Europe, not less than a million of men, being already congregated in Belgium, or on the march toward it—and the results of the approaching struck likely to be of great moment to the whole Europe as well as pro-

[illegible] could—the great banking house of Rothschild, had been for some days in the habit of receiving the progress of events, and by transmit to the Duke the earliest news of any importance that could be obtained. This gentleman, it seems, to have rendered himself with sagacity. He did not wait for the official despatch, but sent it by a special messenger. The brothers every [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first-class paper, and of our great circulation.

General News.

NEW MODE OF MANUFACTURING AND REFINING SUGAR.

The following article, from the London Morning Chronicle, will prove interesting to those of our readers who are engaged in the sugar trade. The patents for the new processes are secured for the United States.

NEW MODE OF MANUFACTURING SUGAR.—The new processes are fourfold in their character, comprising, first, a new mode of obtaining the saccharine juice from the cane; secondly, a new mode of defecating and filtering the juice so obtained; thirdly, the boiling and concentrating of the juice; and fourthly, the crystallization and final curing of the sugar. The varied processes are to be seen at a model sugar house, at the [illegible]

[illegible] in a most ingenious and efficient manner by the use of the air pump. The transformation from the most repulsive and unwholesome-looking black sugar into a fine white sugar is completed in one-seventh of a second by this process. The principle adopted is precisely that employed in "gassing" lace—an operation resorted to for the purpose of removing the minute filaments of cotton adhering to the surface of the fabric. In the case of the crystals of sugar, a thin film of fluid matter is required to be removed from the surface of the crystal, and this is effected by bringing it in contact with water—a material which would as quickly dissolve the crystal itself, as the flame of the gas would destroy the delicate and fragile web of the bobbin net. How can the water be thus brought into contact with the sugar for such a short period, and in such a manner as only to remove the outer coating of molasses, and leave the crystal uninjured? The process is a very simple one. A table of nine feet in circumference is made to revolve eight times per minute, having a coating of sugar spread over it to the depth of half an inch, and which consequently moves over a space of 72 ft. per minute. At one part of its revolution the table is made to pass under a pipe of two inches in diameter, from which a shower of water is falling, and as the pipe is but one-sixth of a foot in diameter, and the table passes in at the rate of 72 feet per minute, it follows that each portion which comes under the falling water will be retained only 1-432 of a minute in each revolution. This table being covered with thin brass wire gauze, has placed immediately under it a vacuum chamber, into which the falling water, carrying with it the semi-fluid coating of molasses, is drawn as the table revolves, the crystallized sugar remains on the surface pure and white, and is delivered by a scraper into the hogshead placed for its reception.

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—According to the official returns, Woodward's (Dem.) majority in the State is 18,741, and Hopkins (Dem.) 19,271. The Whig vote is about 24,000 less than that for Governor Johnston last year; and the Democratic vote about 14,000 less than Governor Bigler's. Bigler's majority over Johnston was 8,465.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—It is said that fourteen of the eighteen members of the South Carolina Legislature, just elected in Charleston, are in favor of giving the election of Presidential Electors to the people.

PROFLIGATE LEGISLATION.—The following, from a distinguished member of Congress, is worthy of special note:—

"There is a *traffic* in Congress legislation, in which a company of projectors come with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, to procure the passage of an Act, and then sell it at some hundreds of thousands profit, or administer it at salaries of five and six thousand dollars. Of course these large outlays are to be reimbursed in the enormity of the appropriations; and one instance is reported of a direct refunding; the case of a bill whose expenses were one hundred thousand dollars; and ten thousand dollars a year, for ten years, added in an amendment to refund that sum; of course pretext by some necessity."

GENERAL PIERCE.—The Concord (N. H.) Granite Club, on Thursday evening week, after a season of rejoicing over the Democratic victories in Ohio, Pennsylvania, &c., proceeded to the residence of General Pierce, to congratulate him in relation thereto. General Pierce acknowledged the kindness of his neighbors and friends, in coming to greet him upon the reception of [illegible]

CASE OF BISHOP DOANE.

Brief Notice by the Presenting Bishops of the Action of the Court Assembled for the Trial of Bishop Doane.

The undersigned, on the [illegible] under circumstances with [illegible] the public in general are [illegible] Presentment of the Right [illegible] of New Jersey. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 21.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible] insertion, $2.00
[illegible] months, $15.00
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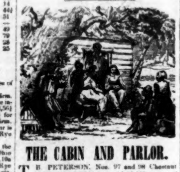


[illegible]

TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

[illegible]

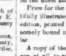
CHESNUT ST. FEMALE SEMINARY.

[illegible]

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

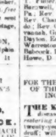
[illegible]

PEPSIN



[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



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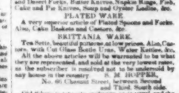

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

[illegible]

GAMBLOS & BROTHER, EXCHANGE BANKERS,

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! the busiest thoughts of meeting with many that are hurrying to and fro,
For this may throw unspoken words upon the brightest hour,
Then, with a sudden sadness, clouds of memory crowns may
Have wrought a change, and recall their names as blessed some story.

Judge not!

Judge not! the coldest manner may slightingly conceal a heart
A chasm to some kindred before a jury of his kind,
And surely one who ne'er was known to bend his knee in prayer should not be hastily condemned or unadvisedly.

Judge not!

Judge not!—but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell
Man's judgments are, but those of God's, both cruel and oftentimes unfair.
Error throughout the voyage of life, this precept keep as a sure—
"Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

Judge not!

Judge not!—for one unjust reproach no human heart can bear
As keenly as the deadly rash made by the poisoned shaft
The wound will kill the stately oak though slowly it may die;
As surely as the lightning stroke swift rocking from the sky.

Judge not!

Selected Sketch.

THE WANDERING JEW.

There is something so striking and impressive in the idea of a human creature being doomed to wander perpetually over the earth, restless, and without hope of rest, deprived of the present of peace, which the grave holds out to all other interstitial beings fated to outlive every world the, and to enjoy generation after generation, of descendants, it may be, passing over successively from before his eye—there is something so stirring in the idea of such a lot, that it is no wonder mankind should have had their interest strongly excited by the legend of the Wandering Jew, and that the subject should have been a favorite one with the writers of poetry and romance. To fanaticism and imposture, the fiction has held out equal temptations. At various periods of the superstitious credulity of the Christian era, individuals have assumed the character of the Wandering Jew, and have succeeded in attracting notice, and gaining credence, to a greater or less extent, from their wondering contemporaries.

It is extremely probable that this legend had its origin in the words said by Christ to the Apostle Peter, on the latter asking what would become of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved. The answer was—"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" In consequence of this expression, we are told, the saying went abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die." Although it is expressly pointed out, in the remainder of the same passage, that the language of Christ could not possibly bear any such meaning; yet the association of "the brethren," strangely modified and misapplied, seems to have been adopted by the primitive Christians, to have become intermingled with their traditions, and finally to have taken the form of the legend of the Wandering Jew. This, in its early or original shape, is detailed by Rodere Paris, monk of St. Albans, who flourished in the thirteenth century. The story was current before his day, in England and elsewhere, but he was probably the first who regularly chronicled all the particulars. In 1228, the monk informs us, an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the shrines and relics preserved in our churches. Being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, the ecclesiastical dignitary was anxiously interrogated as to the religious condition of his country, and on the matter to all his guests. A monk who sat near him, inquired, "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, who was so much talked of, and who had been present at our Lord's crucifixion, and conversed with Him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith?" The archbishop answered that "the circumstances were all true;" and, afterwards one of his train, interpreting the archbishop's words, told, in French, that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; that the latter had dined with his lord but a little while before they left the East; that the man had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name, Cartaphilus, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment Hall, struck him with a blow, fist on the back, saying: "Go faster, Jesus: go faster: why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said—"I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come!" From which words Cartaphilus, by his own account, was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives forever; but at the same date of youth which he was in when Jesus suffered, he has spent about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances attending the crucifixion and resurrection, the composing of the sacred creed, the preaching and the dispersions, and he himself is very grave and believing.

Such is the story of the Wandering Jew, as told by Matthew Paris, who was alive at the time of the Armenian's visit to St. Albans. And who, there can be no doubt, relates the circumstance as he came from the mouths of the strangers. The deception lay, it is probable, not with the Armenians, but with the party who had passed himself off upon them as the porter of Pontius Pilate, thereby loaning much good entertainment, dwellings, as well as unbounded reverence, from the followers of the church in the East. As Pythagoras, a very wise and clear-headed man, entertained the notion of his having personally gone through several existences of earth, so it is possible that the Wandering Jew of the Armenian archbishop may himself have believed some delusion. But the probability is on the other side; and the same confusion may be drawn, without much uncharitableness, respecting the numerous persons who at later periods have personated the erratic Hebrew. There were considerable numbers of these, of which three persons told chronicles. For example, one who appeared at Hamburg, about the year 1547, declared himself to have been a *chorister* in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion. A bailiff, quoted by Bishop Percy from the *Paper Collection*, details the particulars of the Hamburg impostor's narrative. The following verses give the main thread of the story:—

When as to Saint Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did come,
And for the sins of all the world
He was done to His doom.

The wicked Jews with scoffes and scornes
Did nayle him unto the tree,
That never till he left his life
Our Saviour could not flee.

When they had crucified to dead with thornes
And scourged him in distresse,
In scornful sort they led him forthe
Unto his dyinge place.

He o'erse done on his back himselfe
A cruelles for too gone
When I made him in the street to bowe
With blood and waste sweate.

Then Longius gave there sporting here,
A launce into his side,
Of which there came a bloudie streame
And eke the water forthe.

When all the footmatches here found
That Christ was dead indeede,
Then they did goe and left him there
Emong the people's feete.

Then came Joseph of Arimathie
And begged of Pilate that
He might the bodie of our Lord
Have buried out of hande.

Then Nicodemus, he came also
Unto the judge likewise,
And prayed that he might have with him
Of spices for to take.

Then they did take the bodie downe
And wrapped it in lynnen cleane,
And carried him unto the graves
Where never man had layne.

Then came the Jewes unto the judge
And unto him did saye,
That we the sepulchre did keepe
Three dayes upon a rowe.

For this same disciple stole away
The bodie of our Lord,
And unto his friends he will declare
That he is risen from deade.

Then came the Jewes unto the graves
Where as the bodie lay,
And there the angell they did finde
That rolled the stone away.

Then came they backe to Jerusalem
In all the haste they can,
And there they found the same disciples
Which they had driven from thence.

Then were they all examined
Before the councell sore,
Of him that was the Lord's disciple
That preached the gospell lore.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Of worthy fame and renowne,
Unto the man that was accused
Before the councell came.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Unto the man that day,
Say why dost thou deny the Lord
That made both night and day?

Then answered the bold disciple
Before the councell soone,
I do deny the Lord of life
Because I know him not.

For I was present at the time
When Pilate unto him gave
Power for to crucify his bodie
Which he from death did save.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Unto the man certaine,
Say why dost thou not beleeve
That Christ was borne of a mayde?

Seeing the prophets they did write
Of him in expresse wise,
And all the signes there in the olde
Testament likewise.

Then answered the bold disciple
Before the councell there,
I do not beleeve that Christ was borne
Of the virgin Marie.

Because I was present at the time
When Herode with great pride
Did unto the babes of Bethlehem
Cause for to be slaine.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Unto the man againe,
Say why dost thou not beleeve
That Christ was risen from death?

Then answered the bold disciple
Before the councell all,
Because I saw him crucified
And buried in graves full lowe.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Unto the man againe,
Say why dost thou not beleeve
That Christ shall come to judge?

Then answered the bold disciple
Before the councell all,
Because I see the Jewes do raigne
And bear the sway in all.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Unto the man againe,
Say what shall be thy reward
That Christ shall come to judge?

Then answered the bold disciple
Before the councell all,
Because I see the Jewes do raigne
And bear the sway in all.

Then spake the reverend bishop
Unto the man againe,
Say what shall be thy reward
That Christ shall come to judge?

Then answered the bold disciple
Before the councell all,
I looke for nothing but for hell
Because I see no sign